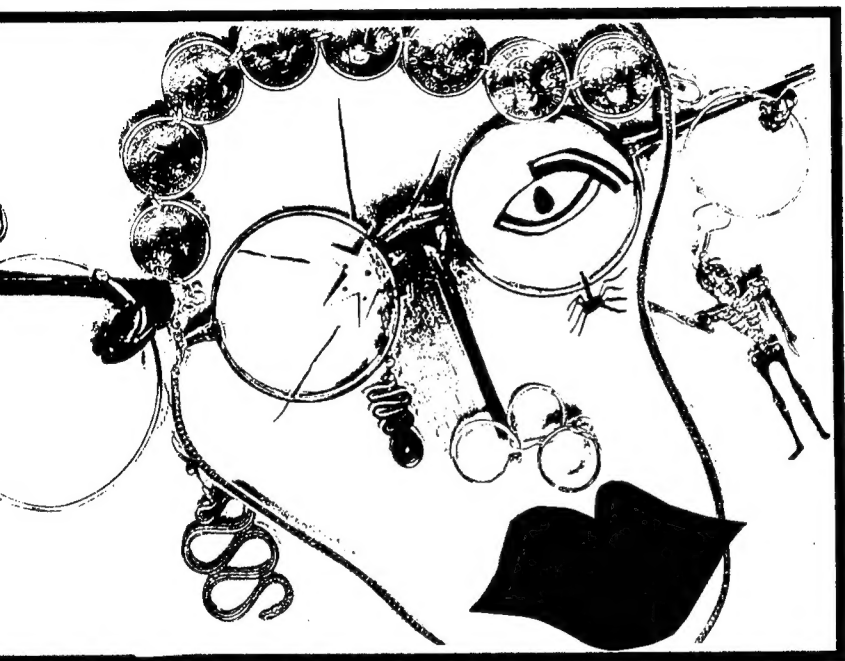


ORALPALOOZA



94 MONTREAL

The
as-official-as-
anything-
involved-with-
Lollapalooza-
could-be
anthology
of the 1994
Lollapalooza
Montreal
spoken word
stage.

L'officielle
(si on peut
ainsi dire)
anthologie
de la scène
du mot parlé
à Lollapalooza
Montréal
1994.

With words by:
Des mots par:

Fortner
Anderson
Cybèle Carette
Andrea Clark
Miriam Cliche
Dee

Scott Duncan
Golda Fried
Corey Frost

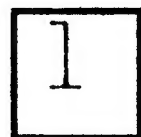
Jonathan
Goldstein

Le Groupe de
poésie moderne
Michel Lefebvre
Moses and Osei
Pocket

Ran
Victoria Stanton
Ian Stephens
Lynn Suderman
and
Martin-Pierre
Tremblay.

\$5
Donly

ORALPALOOZA
94
MONTREAL



ORALPALOOZA '94 MONTREAL
est produit par
ga press

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2021

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4

Oralpalooza

“I’ve got this idea — the gazebo stage or third stage — and I don’t care what happens there as long as it’s weird and fun.”

-Perry Farrell,
Lollapalooza founder.

In its fourth year, Lollapalooza grows an extra limb — the third stage, the spoken word stage. At the same time, the show finally comes to Montreal for the first time and sprawls like a toothy leopard over Île Ste-Hélène. For the occasion of this momentous conflagration 18 Montreal poets/groups were chosen to perform on the third stage. On the eve of Lollapalooza, July 26th, they appeared at le Bowling on St.Laurent to present words and knock down pins with heavy balls. This book is not a record of that event, known as Oralpalooza, but it is something just as interesting: a print picture of 18 performances.

Dans la quatrième année de Lollapalooza, la tournée pousse un nouveau membre: la troisième scène, la scène du mot parlé. En même temps, le spectacle arrive enfin à Montréal pour la première fois, s'étalant sur l'Île Ste-Hélène comme un lézard avec des boucles d'oreilles. À l'occasion de ce événement momenteux, 18 poètes ou groupes de poètes Montréalais ont été choisi comme présentateurs sur la troisième scène. Sur la veille de Lollapalooza, le 26 juillet, ils ont paru au Bowling sur St.Laurent pour présenter leurs poèmes et pour écraser des quilles. Ce livre n'est pas un document de ce événement, appelé Oralpalooza, mais est même plus intéressant: une image écrite de 18 interprétations de poésie.

And
et main-
tenant
now,
dans
aucune
Particular
ordre
particulière
order...



Moses and Osei and the Ancient Demi-Gods

BIRTH OF THE HIP CHILD

Now once upon a time Jah
You know Allah — Kool Kat that he is
Decided he wanted to make himself a bouncing baby boy.

So he took a sack of old funk from Brother George's trunk
A lock of dread from my man Marley's head
Some soul about a pound from Mr. J. Brown
And then said to his angel 'come on let's get down.'

He took a handful of sand from the shores of the Motherland
Three stars from the skies just to make my three eyes
Some water from the Nile for the blood in this child
Sat back with a dimesack and gave a big smile.

And while Father time played a solo on his flute
And Old Mother Nature knitted me some old baby boots
God looked in his book for my ancestral roots
And picked the blackest of black for my new birthday suit.

And then Father Time came on down the line
Stuck me in my momma's oven and set it on nine
And when I was well done they all gathered round
And God placed on my head an old Afro Crown

~~GET DOWN!~~

Portner Anderson

EVERY DAY RANT

Every day
I don't care
I never cared
and will never care
about some killing in Timor, or some rape in Bosnia, or the bodies stacked
like cordwood on the beaches outside of Port-au-Prince.

I don't care about school kids in Rwanda or L.A., or the faithful in Algiers.
When they slice open the cheeks of someone in Dili
When they tear out the tongue of some poor sap in El Salvador
When they slash and burn some forest in Brazil to make a few more
McBurgers
I don't feel a fucking thing.

It's not me.
I'm here and I'm free. So free.

I got everything
I
need.

I open my mouth wide, pearly whites and dark thick tongue.
It all slides in.

condos on the park
Miatas with the top down
Cantel cellular telephones
full size washer/dryer combos
St. Ambrose and blood sausages
Lollapalooza and Brecht and Krishnamurti
pretty cocks, and winsome cunts
hands, thighs, and a piece of blood-smeared liver
I'll gnash through bone and blood and hair and cum.

because Fuck it
I don't care

about it, or you, or them

It's all about me, me

Everyday I need some more
because everything is not enough

Everyday I need it faster
because everything is too slow

Everyday I need it better
because everything is crap

And I need it thicker and harder

Till its shoved high up my ass like some explosive fist grabbing and tearing
at my bowels.

And then I'll shit out some starvation in Somalia

some slavery in Santa Domingo

crack houses in Detroit

And finally I'll shit out my own death— push it out onto the plate

And still I can't feel a fucking thing

I can't feel anything at all

I never felt anything

at all

Just once, I need to feel

the world, something, one thing

them or it or

you

I need a word to say

I need new words to say— because all these are broken

I need to say yes—yes—yes

and then

I need to take my fucking head and tear out some lies

Every day.

QUELQUES VARIATIONS DÉDIÉES À LA TERRE



Citoyens
Welcome
Citizens
Bienvenus
Bienvenus au cirque de la lumière
Welcome
Bienvenu
Benvenidos
Welcome
Herein!
Kommen Sie bitte
Herein

Tutti sono benvenuto nel circo della luce
Vous verrez ce que vous réserve le futur

Look
Open your eyes
Ask your neighbor
If he is happy

Citoyen
Welcome!!!
Willkommen!!!
Vamos juntos entrando el mundo
Benvenidos
Venez contribuer au vox populi mondial

Anche il vaticano assisterà

Le soleil et la lune
Toutes les constellations
Vous présenteront la foire du siècle

Ami
Amigos
Amici
All friends
Alles Brüder
Entrez!!!
Toutes les couleurs
Dans vos mains unies
Entrez
Et assistez
Au poème de la lumière
A la chanson qui corrigera
Toutes vos erreurs de jeunesse

On vous promet un feu d'artifices solaire
Sans artifice

E amigo que passo?
[Serais-tu le frère de celui qu'on a assassiné?]
Hé! l'ami
Amigos
Amici del sole
Reposes-toi ici pour l'éternité
En un long silence,
Silence,
Silence

Les feux qui brillent
Dans les yeux des autres
Pourront sûrement
Sauver la terre

Ich habe der Welt
Im Schule gelernt
Die Mauer ist schwer hoch
Ich Kann nicht
Die Treppe hinauf-gehen



And you ask yourself

How you can make it!
Come on!
Demandez à votre voisin
S'il est l' élu du bonheur
S'il désire être présent
En l'an 2001.

Say—, "cheese" and smile
To be able to save
The whole world

E amigo que passo?
Conque, fumando a escondidas
Don't do that!
It's forbidden!
Why don't you write poetry instead

Que la poésie soit
Ton meilleur ami
A—MEN

Savez-vous combien sont-ils de chinois en Chine??
Nommez-les!!!

Ami
Amigos
Amici
All friends
Alles Brüder



Montez à bord
Ce soir on sera à Rome ou à Pampelune
Et demain à Paris.
Et ne laissez surtout pas
Votre imagination au vestiaire
You'll need it more than your own eyes

Non dimenticate che la poesia ripresenta
Il più bello del viaggio

N'oubliez pas que la poésie est vivante

Levez les yeux au ciel
Regardez comme elle est brillante
Et vous verrez que de l'intérieur
Elle vous regarde aussi

Alors approchez
Venacqui
Come on
Kommen Sie bitte
L'univers agonise à petit feu
Il faut être nombreux pour que vite
On lui sauve la vie

Vous ne faites pas d'ombre sur la terre
Vous êtes les Ombres de cette Terre

Riguarda, riguarda!
Il volcano si è allumato
Ma non ne siamo alla fine
Mais le volcan n'engloutit jamais la lumière
Celui qui vivra verra
Qu'il est remplie de lumière

Welcome
Benvenidos
Bienvenu
Venez assister au cirque de la lumière
Ne laissez pas votre imagination au vestiaire
Ami de la terre
Vous êtes tous de grands acrobates
Approchez en grand nombre
Pour protéger votre lumière
Approchez
Venacqui
Come on
Venez assister au cirque accidentel
Qu'offre VOTRE mémoire
A VOTRE lumière

Andrea Clark

co-written by Ammanda Strawn and Julie Tamiko-Manning

SQUID ALERT

Yeah, I'm callin' you squids!

S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys
Yeah S-Q-U-I-to the D. S to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys.

First of all you like to call us whoes and shit. —You think you're witty with your stupid little tid bit names?—Clever? Nope! Quaint? Not! Nor is it cute!— I've just about had it with you tutti-frutti-rutti pute-butts.— None excluded, large , medium and small.—Listen up there's a sister on the microphone y'all.— Whether you like it or not, I'm takin' this opportunity.— I'm bringin' the word, we wanna be heard, we wanna hear history and HERstory too.— We bleed each month to re-procreate.—You can't hang, so what do you do? Grab a 'zine and masturbate.—Don't give me that shit, "This is a man's world," 'cause squids you wouldn't be here without us girls.

S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys
S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboy

Yeah, go on bro' put on your nasty ass skin flick.—Grease up that palm to diddle with your squid stick.—You think you're so thick? So absolutely slick?—Then you're comin' at me with your TARZAN bullshit?!— No teasin'? Nope! Pleasin'? Nope! Straight for that cunt? Yup!— WAM-BAM-A-LAM-BOOM, Slam Dunk?!—Then off you go braggin', 'bout what you think you did, to prove yourself manly amongst your fellow squids.— So you're manly? You find yourself manly?— You think that you can score me with your measly slab of candy?— Every line you spew goes in one ear and out the other!—We weren't made for each other! I ain't no stick of butter! —Our meeting wasn't fate and you're not my soulmate.— Oh baby let me tell yah, you won't even get a date!—No not my # and nope not a dance! — You thought you were so smooth but you never had a chance!—That's why I'm callin' you squids!— So just ooze on over to the other end of the bar motherfucker, 'cause I ain't down with your calamari bullshit— That's right I'm callin' you squids.

S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys
S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboy.



LES ENFANTS NUS

Les reines n'aiment pas les enfants nus
Les rois, eux, les aiment bien parfois
Ceci dit, les royaumes craquent partout
les charniers humains du Rwanda regorgent d'enfants nus
la mer balotte les enfants nus réfugiés fuyant Haïti morts
l'adoption internationale ne voit pas toutes les toutes petites Chinoises
partout
dans les royaumes
dans les dictatures
dans les réserves
dans les ghettos
dans les démocraties
dans les maisons
partout on torture les enfants rebelles
Plus près de chez nous
à la barboteuse Jeanne-Mance
un enfant nu n'a pas le droit de se baigner
la fille, la sauveteuse, qui fait sa reine,
applique le règlement
maudite niaiseuse - maudit règlement

PSYCHOLOGIE DES ANIMAUX

(La citation de Malebranche)
"Les animaux mangent sans satisfaction,
crient sans souffrance,
se reproduisent sans le vouloir,
ne souhaitent rien,
ne craignent rien."
(Le poème)
Dans les montagnes
les bergers enculent les moutons.

J'VEUX OU CHER MÉCÈNE,

J'veux une Telecaster

un beau logement avec une cour

Trout Mask Replica en CD

une vieilleuse camion de pompier

des lunettes

un gros ventilateur

un divan-lit

une laveuse à linge

des collants de femme enceinte

faire un p'tit voyage au mois d'août

une valise de chez Eva B.

une serviette de plage foncée

manger des mangues

mille pics de guitare

le Grand Robert

les 8 Zunik

un piano

un fer à repasser

voir la maison d'Arthur Villeneuve

mais surtout j'veux une Telecaster.

CHANSON POUR OREILLES AMOVIBLES

Il n'y a pas de désert dans la forêt immédiate

(bis)

c'est vrai

qu'est-ce qu'il ne faut pas entendre

Réponse: rien, absolument tout s'écoute dans la forêt immédiate

même ces petits bruissements de rien du tout

qui vous pognent directement à la fourrure.

L'AUTRE JOUR

L'autre jour

j'ai vu le diable

c'était une femme

elle avait vieilli de 30 ans

elle marchait sur la rue Prince-Arthur

elle m'a fait des gros yeux, mal à l'aise

de 1 : parce que je suis une honnête citoyenne

de 2 : parce que j'ai déjà couché avec son amant

Dee

SHITUATION

REFRAIN #1

WAT A HELL WAT A HELL
WAT A CON-DITION
HARD LIFE A TEK DI POOR A DI NATION
WAT A HELL WAT A HELL
WAT A SITUATION
SOME WILLING FI SELL DEM REPUTATION.

FI PROMOTION PRESTIGE
SOME WILLING FI SEIZE
CARE NOT IF DEM USE
UNDERHANDED MEANS

REFRAIN #2

WAT A HELL WAT A HELL
STICKY SITUATION
NO NEW PLANS FI ALLEVIATION
WAT A HELL WAT A HELL
MENTAL STARVATION
UNWANTED FEW INNA CRITICAL CONDITION

MINORITIES DISPOSSESSED
EXPOSED BY DI PRESS
COLLECT AN AMOUNT
IF YUH WILLING FI SELL OUT

(REPEAT REFRAIN #1)

DI DISEASE CALL POOR
 SOME KYAAH TEK IT NUH MORE
 DEM TOTALLY FLIP OUT
 AN A TEK HAND OUT

(REPEAT REFRAIN #2)

IN DIS SOCIETY
 SOME A LIVE AHFA CHARITY
 MONEY A DI PRIORITY
 AND NOT HUMANITY

WAT A HELL WAT A HELL
 TRIAL AND TRIBULATION
 GOING ABOUT NEW ARBITRATION
 WAT A HELL WAT A HELL
 FI CHANGE DI SHITUATION
 WE HAFI COME UP WID NEWAH CREATION.

Scott
Duncan

THE BUS DRIVER'S MONA LISA

I made love with
The bus driver's Mona Lisa
On my way west for work.

Cigarettes are lit
Near simmering Sudbury slag heaps
And the trees sprout red and white circus tents.
Bare arm, slightly wrinkled forehead,
Her turbine hot fingers
Reach me at the back of the bus.

Wawa!
The goose howls, the tribal heart beats.
The scent of a man's cheap,
Front of the bus cologne
On the pink hand of Rainbow Falls night.

I made love to the bus driver's Mona Lisa.
The rearview mirror was clammy,
The old threw their lives into the fields,
The young played cards,
The latest tax scam —

The wheat is the belly
And the belly is dry.

Not a moment's rest for the barber,
The weather, the layed-off dock worker.

We pass the hunter's head spinning like
A rusted weathervane rooster on Fort William.
The smokestacks at Thunder Bay's port are
St. John the Baptist's bonfire
And they have come unstuck and fly
A hundred metres above the ground.

The woman at the drive-thru window
Speaks of heading west on the hot steel ship
That shuttles that way across the sky
Every day.

The great cataclysmic song,
The windows rattle against my aching head
Turning Winnipeg, Portage and Moosomin
Into leaping yellow birds,
As I made love to the bus driver's Mona Lisa.

Nicotine-bearded dervishes,
Circus-horse traders,
Bucking Ninth Avenue boxcars
Clamour up the rails.
The King Eddy is pulled down,
All Calgary turns into a book in Kensington.
We light up a cigarette,
Share murderous schemes.
They have men like you in Ponoca, I'm told.

But we're swaggering to the end of the line,
A whole tank of diesel on my hands,
My bent bowtie, grey hair swept off my head
Like Chaplin.

It's a mountain dream of rivers and streams.

And the bus driver's Mona Lisa
Makes love to me better than any
Okanagan land prospector.
The grey dawn,
A screeching new cart,
Hurtles Fraser Valleys at us.

I'm as young as a mountain,
As wise as the sea's
Cathartic waves that will crash over me.

Strung around a bouquet of silk flowers
On the dashboard of the bus
That milks Vancouver terminus,
Hangs a pendant with the store's picture still in it.

Mona Lisa's bus driver
Steps out in the rain.



DID YOU RUN

did you run through the streets
sayin' jenn's got a friend
and she didn't find him through the mail
but she did find him in the streets
and he rode on the sidelines
while she hid in the crowd
and did you think he'd be scared of phones
well he didn't use them at all
and did you think he'd come up from underground
well he covered everything like coal
and did you think he was going to say he was in some band
well he didn't hog any guitars
and did you think he was going to seek your smile
well he drinks straight from the jar
and did you think she was going to see him again
well he writes things on matchbook covers
and did you think she just wanted to have his kid
well I think she just wanted to have a cow
and did you think everything would change
if he was around
well did it have to be that serious
did you run through the streets
sayin' jenn's got a friend
'cuz you didn't stick around.



CIGARETTE MAPPING

I went through the day in a daze and came out the other side to find a man waiting for me there, smoking behind a dented hat, leaning against someone's car. What first amazed me about him was his thinness. He could slide in between the cracks of the street and soon I was realizing that I could do it too. We pretty much strolled right on through the night under fire-escape trees and past garbage stumps, mapping our path with cigarette breaks. Finding bits of newspaper to read like puzzle pieces. Contemplating billboard signs but not in the mood to jump off balconies into oblivion. Finding five cent pieces but no candy store was open. And as we passed through this ghost-town, I thought that this night was like any other night but with a lot of harmoniuca thrown in. And we came to a park and sprawled out on the ground. My first reaction was to bury myself under the fallen leaves and I slid under a pile giving myself Halloween Hair. But he brushed the dry dead things off of me, one by one, and cleared out a circle on the grass in front of us. In this space, we emptied our pockets and gazed at our souvenirs. He took off his hat and placed it in the middle of the circle. Then, we gave each object a toss with anticipation of what part of the heart it would strike. And when we were through with lyrics for a while, the harmonica player came through pounding out a solo, hitting all the high notes. The guy grabbed his hat and got the hell out of there before the sun came up and all the magic was gone. I had one more cigarette left to burn in this package of the unexpected and rolled it in my hand to make it last for a while. I sauntered on over to work and lit the cigarette outside the glass walls. All it took was one look at my reflection and I hitch-hiked out of town.



WHITE MENUS AND RED LIGHTS

white menus and red lights
as the waitress waits for the fire engines
to go by to take our order
annoyed
as he stamps out the burning
of my cigarette
as I am forever waiting for my mother to
ask me if my boyfriends make me happy
"So can I help you sweetie?"
as we let her down by only ordering drinks
because the prices are too high
a smile "is not included"
you have to pay for the sting of a slow night
and she's mopping up the filth from our table
keeping her apron white and orderly
but deliberately crashing into everything
nearly wiping off my cherry lipstick
with her rag rag rag
and I can't think straight in here
with the 50's grenadine music
seeping out all warm and apple pie
and he—
forking through our friendship
onto my leg
missing my heart
that's waiting to feel...
she slaps the drink on the table
and walks away muttering
"I hope you enjoy your meal"

Golda
Fried

You should only ever
listen eight times,
while i describe
that arachnid feeling.

Corey
Frost

I ONLY WANT TO EVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT SPIDERS

I only want to ever say anything about spiders – never now or ever say nothing about nothing that ain't about spiders. I want to say everything eight times. I want to say everything eight times. I want to say everything eight times. If it seems I'm saying anything that isn't any spider thing, then turn me upside-down. Everything is upside down in the spider world.

A few years ago I was in Brazil on an entomological excursion – I think it was entomological but it may have been etymological and I just got the spelling wrong. In any case I didn't find much of either thing I may have been looking for. I was staying in Piaui in the northeast, which is where the Amazon accidentally turns into a huge desert and and no rain and the banana trees get stunted and black. At night we all get sweaty and chilly and you take your long woven hammock and you hang one end up on a hook over here and hang the other end up on a hook over here until all the ends are hung up above the ground and the sound of insects and then you crawl into the middle of it and curl up into a tight ball and that's how you try to sleep with your eyes closed.

And one night I was idly twitching in my hammock and thinking about all the entomology and/or etymology that I was missing out on, and I thought I was awake until someone woke me up with a yell. I was told to come into the next room with a flashlight. They said, "Vem aqui. Com pressa. Tem uma aranha."

About all the rooms in the house there had was a floor, and about some had a few walls, and mine had a ceiling and a door. I came on the concrete with my barefeet and it was dark and someone else was running away down the hall and someone else who wouldn't move was standing in the door. I knew there was a spider there somewhere on the floor.

I took a tiny pocket light and it hardly really wasn't very big enough to light up your pocket. It would only trickle a faint leaking light and as it licked the floor I saw something like a hand lying in the middle of the room. It was a fantastical velvety spider, the kind that would eat a bird kissing flowers. And it was still, and I couldn't tell which end was seeing me or how many me's it saw.

The frozen person shivered and then stepped from the room and left us alone. I felt that I was expected to watch it, to pin it down there with

the flashlight to keep it from moving. But the light was so dim I didn't think it would do, and I felt a bit foolish, I felt a little feeble. And I wondered if I just turned off the light and if I stood there in my bare feet if the spider would come and attack me, and wrap me in its book-lung legs around my waist and sink its fangs into my hip.

And I remembered that spiders never swallow what they kill. It would fill me with juices and turn me to soup and suck me slow from a dried-out shell. But it seemed so intent on sitting there still. It looked the way an electric stove element does if you leave it on in the dark. Inviting in a way, friendly and strange, like you'd want to creep over and put your hand on it.

So then I let the light trickle off its back and go out. In the dark I stood for a moment to listen, half expecting it to play violin on my neck. It seemed big enough then to knock me down, and I imagined it hovering over me, to lick my face with its pedipalps.

Finally I turned on the flashlight again. In the middle of the floor was a big glowing empty spot. The spider sat in the far corner the spider was still still still then it ran. It ran. It floated over the concrete like a slow hurricane, and I was in deep water and it was floating at me like the tendrils of a jellyfish. It was bowing its violin legs toward me, and all I ever wanted then was to lie on the ground with my clothes off and pull a woven silk windsheet over my white-wash limbs. In the spider room.

At that minute a man with a broom run in and swing a hard stroke and the spider skitter and bounce off the wall. The man go over and hits a few times and then he takes a flask from his hip and douses the spider with a kill-a-cue fluid and tries to avoid. The man light a match and toss it, and douse it, and the spider ignited, indignant it burnt there it hisses and crackles and I was surprised that it doesn't roll over or scurry or slaughter, and just very slowly start creeping away, but it doesn't make it. Some people can hate spiders so much, and I want to say everything eight times. People hate them with enormous lust. *Vem aqui com pressa. Tem uma aranha.* People hate spiders the way you would hate a part of your body if it got up and left. They don't really have any heads to speak of, and they have eight eyes. They have eight long thin legs, but my legs are much longer. In Brazil they called me *pernas longas*: that means daddy longlegs but those aren't spiders and I only ever want to say anything about spiders and they only have two eyes.

And when the spider caught on fire this is what it looked like: (umbrella/sparkler) and I want to say everything eight times. *Tem uma aranha. Vem com pressa.* I only want to ever say anything about spiders – and never now or ever say nothing about anything that isn't about spiders. I'm not saying anything that isn't about spiders. And when the spider slides its lovely fangs between

your ribs it feels like this: (eight balls) and I want to say everything eight times. And when a spider is walking above you or upside-down it sounds like this: (scissors) and it looks like this: (cutting paper) and I want to say everything eight times. And when it's spinning webs it sounds like this: Vem aqui com pressa. Tem uma aranha. awhen the spire caught on fire awhen the spire a fire a vem com pressa tem aranha. Aranha spire aqui on fire there's nothing ever that ain't on fire. There's nothing ever that ain't a spire. Tem uma aranha. Vem com pressa. Tem uma aranha. Vem com pressa Tem uma aranha Vem

And I don't want to say anything about anything but spiders, but sometimes I'm curled up in my hammock like a wilted petal and you're with me and you're a spider, smooth and opalescent like two eight balls falling into the last pocket with bone-like legs, and my hammock is a delicate web and you look like a shape cut out of paper that you can't really identify, and I hope and I long for you to be the kind of spider that will eat me after mating. Which I know is ridiculous because you're female and black and I pretend to be male to go with my whiteness, and so I have all the fangs, and you could never consume me and you only ever feed me soup. Except that everything is upside-down in the spider world, where the blacker you are the more wonderful, and the more female you are the more powerful. I want to say everything eight times because I think that if I do, then you will consume me, and everything will be upside-down like in the spider world. I only ever want to say anything about spiders, and hope that everything could be upside-down, that I could lie on my back, that you will sink your fangs into me, that I could be black and female, just like a spider.



Corey
Frost

Jonathan Goldstein

GOBS OF THE SAD NEW CREAM

every white tad, a dear specimen.
It was lumpy, gooey and wet
It sat on the tum-tum
getting colder
and harder
and even
stickier.
Fresh babies without a 'gina
to nestle in
sit on my tummy
thinking
"What about me."
Cum-dee-da-cum-did-ee-yay.
Spurts of the gooey hot no gash to hang their heads in.
Poor sad gobs of mushy boy stuff.
Sticky white penis stuff.
Little no-day-ever-gonna-be-a-baby stuff.
Smells like something fresh—
It's a fresh no-show-where'd it go.
Drip it off yo' finger
back onto yo' tum-tum.
Falls so perfect into yo' belly button:
makes a little watering hole
to dip small fingers into,
to arch yo' back
to go "unhh"
to laugh at yourself
twisted like the plasticine boy on your bed
you twist like the ripping twine
you lunge at the paper
with naked women
super-hero women with laser-teets—
wonder-women with american flag vaginas
you lap at the paper like a dog.
It's only paper

only paper
smells like paper
you kin kiss your own shoulders
turn yourself in the bed cloth
dream impossible, inexplicable, Machiavellian lays
feel your stiffness consume you
dream naked romps in local bars
dream of dead-eye penetration
dream legs spreading wider
and wider
and wider
and wider
wider than the whole of the human mind
You, in your mind, run a mad nose along a thigh
you go higher and higher and higher
to the
Chrystle Clean Innocent Lamb-like Christ-light
Holy Vagina
you linger in your mind,
there are white soft bellies
in your mind
there are bellies which tighten and relax
tighten and relax
as they laugh.

le Groupe de poésie moderne

Le Groupe de poésie moderne rejette l'aléatoire au profit de la précision dans l'exécution du texte. Il propose une esthétique qui lui est propre et qui a comme principale caractéristique une généralisation de la déformation. L'approche scénique suit, elle aussi, cette stratégie de déformation de l'objet pour en arriver à une représentation de l'objet sur scène par le support théâtral.

Les artifices de la représentation (corps de l'acteur, jeu dans l'espace, etc.) sont au service de la logique du déséquilibre et du travestissement propre au Groupe de poésie moderne. Les textes produits, lorsque réunis, constituent un ensemble organisé autour de ce principe de déformation. Il faudra voir le Groupe de poésie moderne pour bien l'entendre. Il faut le voir pour comprendre le type de précision mécanique qu'il recherche dans la déformation du support langagier, du mouvement et du jeu sur scène.

En abordant un texte du Groupe de poésie moderne, il faut voir au-delà du jeu de mots, il faut percevoir le jeu de structure, le jeu de langue, le jeu de monde. Le spectateur, en prenant conscience des règles qui ont été appliquées, participe, lui aussi, à l'acte de déformation en cours.

*essai de composition 'vocale' pour voix
scandées et respirations en un seul tenant
les flèches traduisent le début (>)
et la fin (<) de chacunes des performances.*

Nous sommes le groupe
de poésie moderne
Nous sommes le groupe
de poésie moderne
Nous sommes le groupe
de poésie moderne

le non de —————>

le non de

le non de <—————

le son de

le son de

le son de

le ton de —————> tantantétanton

le ton de tantantétanton

le ton de tantantétanton

le non de —————> han tantantétanton

le non de han tantantétanton

le non de han tantantétanton

le mon de han tantantétanton

le mon de han tantantétanton

le mon de han tantantétanton

le pon de han tantantétanton

le pon de han tantantétanton

le pon de han tantantétanton

le tan de han tantantétanton

le tan de han tantantétanton

le tan de han tantantétanton

le kan de han tantantétanton

le kan de han tantantétanton

le kan de han tantantétanton

le ran de han tantantétanton

le ran de han tantantétanton

le ran de <———— han ————— tantantétanton

le san de han

le san de han

le san de han

le xan de —————> le regard de

le xan de han le regouoir de

le xan de han l'écoutouir de

le zan de han le savouoir de

le zan de han le pouvouoir de

le zan de	han	
le pan de	han	
le pan de	han	
le pan de	← han	
le pin de	————→	han
le pin de		han
le pin de		han
le bin de		han
le bin de		han
le bin de		han
le pin de		han
le pin de		han
le pin de		han
le bin de		han
le bin de		han
le bin de		han
le pin de		han
le pin de		han
le pin de		han
le non de		han
le non de		han
le non de		han
le son de	————→	han han
le son de		han han
le son de		han han
le ton de		han han
le ton de		han han
le ton de		han han
le ton de		han han
le non de		han han
le non de		han han
le non de		han han
le mon de		han han
le mon de		han han
le mon de		han han
le pon de		han han
le pon de		han han
le pon de	← han ←	han

le semblouir de
 le connouir de
 le voulouir de
 l'écorchouir de
 le sensouir de
 le grammouir de
 le crieouir de
 le hurlouir de
 l'amourouir de
 l'hainouir de
 le contouir de
 le doutouir de
 le gestouir de
 le mouvouir de
 le travouir de
 le lectouir de
 le propouir de
 le fesouir de
 le toujouir de
 le prenouir de
 le poussouir de
 le commouir de
 le tempouir de
 le chantouir de
 le présouir de
 le disouir de
 l'adaptouir de
 l'infinitouir de
 l'importouir de
 l'ultimouir de
 l'accablouir de
 l'unitouir de
 l'impudouir de
 l'égidouir de
 l'espacouir de
 l'exemplouir de
 l'urgenceouir de
 l'urgenceouir de
 l'urgenceouir de
 l'urgence de
 l'urgence de faire
 de connaitre et de
 dire le texte...

le Groupe
 de poesie
 moderne

Michel
Lefebvre

LES FÊTES PROFANES

Au lever du rideau
la lumière sombre
et le monde allume, subitement
Les odeurs nous taquinent
celles des fêtes profanes

des flêtes fropanes
des fnêtes ouvartes
des fêtes floppées

Mais fuck, on veut s'amuser
On s'aime
Vous y voyez du mal?
Des jokes de main?
Des frottements de poil?
Des jeux dangereux?
Des blessures d'euphorie?

Des fêtes profanes avec des amis
des gens serviables
d'autres lave-culs
des vide-bassins
des gens dont on a besoin
exclus, acculés aux limites de la tolérance
avec une envie terrible de réagir
Des membres en règle
Des crayons à foutre
Sans trop d'angoisse de la mort
comme des animaux
Les yeux d'assurés
sans aucune sécurité

Et vous voyez comme ça des choses...
des espèces démolies
qu'on ramasse sur les bancs de neige
dans les trous de mémoire

mis à l'amende
échoués sur le rivage
Les amants de la dérive
fendus jusqu'au cou
fondus dans l'igloo
quand les dés sont jetés

Faites un geste, déposez vos griefs!

Vous lisez?
La lotorité, les annonces classées, la sidéralogie
l'autodafé des étoiles
La ville aux images arrachées
en lambeaux sur les panneaux
Le décor beau des vandales
l'adolescence éternelle des révoltés
des enfants élevés dans le voltage
le manque d'urgence
les paranos sentimentales
les migraines sociétales
À l'heure de rentrer
dans la société de la gestion du déchet
assiégés, sur le marché,
par les pots!

Ordures, ménagez!

Les états de la nouvelle moralité
Du solide, du roc
Fini les cigarettes
Baiser sans des condoms
Circuler dans la rue
sans que la protection publique
nous empêche de traverser pas de casque

**Faites circuler!
Communiquez!**

Et des singes
nus comme un ver vide
en route dans le mauvais sens de la rue
Des gens pour qui une seule issue
Quelle issue?



Passer l'éponge
Étamper, ranger
Outrager
Vider la corbeille à papier
La journée est faite
c'est la soirée qui est pas finie
Pis les partys là-dedans

Hoh! ohho! ohoo!
Des fêtes profanes
Des boums!

Des éclats de rire
des bouchées troubles

Du plaisir brut, cru
poisson!

De la cuisine moutarde, forte
Du riz concassé, du blé
Du rire famineux
Des fêtes sans tralala

Public de parc
Héros d'arcade

qui de foraine allure
jouissent à chaque jour d'une nouvelle vie
sans lumière pour se tenir
Et la salubrité?

Le matin du troisième jour
lors de l'aube qui se lave
avec des savons bleus
le rire éternué des vents violents, d'allergies
L'alarme amère d'étranges présages
Des armateurs d'illusions
Bras tendus, mains ouvertes
bouches bées
fumistes
Un banquet brûlé

Pot-au-feu
bouilli bœuf

Des fêtes profanes
improvisées
arrachées minute par minute
Des fêtes juteuses, cyniques
des quartiers d'orange sans pépin
avalés avec la pluie
la bouche ouverte, parfumée, cultivée

**C'est quoi qui est violent
quand on est indifférent?**

Michel
Lefebvre

①

C'est ça que ça Faut !

Faut être poète pour trouver les choses belles

Faut trouver les choses belles pour être heureux

Faut être heureux pour être en santé

Faut être en santé pour s'aimer soi même

Faut s'aimer soi même pour aimer les autres

Faut aimer les autres pour arrêter de se battre

Faut arrêter de se battre pour être honnête

avec soi même

Faut être honnête avec soi même pour devenir Poète

Faut être intelligent pour accepter les changements

Faut accepter les changements pour devenir

plus grand

Faut devenir plus grand pour être plus

confiant

Faut être plus confiant pour être plus

fort en dedans

Faut être plus fort en dedans pour sortir

le méchant

Faut sortir le méchant pour voir le bien

finalement

Faut voir le bien finalement pour être

imaginatif

Faut être imaginatif pour devenir

intelligent

bridge

(2)

Faut que sa soit toi qui le fasse si tu
veux l'avoir faite
Faut que soit toi qui a le gout si tu veux
Apprecier

Faut que tu le fasse un moment donné
pour pouvoir en parler

Faut qu'on lesuive nos erreurs pour évoluer
tes pas capable de chier quand t'as envie
tu poura comprendre si t'a pas envie
tu pas capable de tripper quand t'en "estie"

Ret.

Faut etre capable de Pardonnez pour
pouvoir Respecter

Faut pouvoir Respecter pour pouvoir
contempler

Faut pouvoir contempler pour vivre avec
intensité

Faut vivre avec intensité pour etre capable
tripper

Faut etre capable tripper pour etre capable
se relever

Faut etre capable de se relever pour pouvoir
continuer

Faut pouvoir continuer pour Atteindre la
Liberté

Faut Atteindre la liberté pour pouvoir
Pardonner

Pocket 92

Victoria Stanton

On the floor at the door outside the door
there she lay, Monica
me inside legs splayed in tears
oh the fear so intense the suspense
it's just a fucking tampon stick it in just grin
and wear it on your inside
hide it feel free pee without blood without mess without distress
just get it in can't get it in don't get it in don't want it in
don't want it in
Put your finger inside Monica says
feel how it curves just relax don't clench I'm drenched
with sweat I forget how to breathe I heave
the carton shell and baton string
hanging
on the floor at the door outside the door Monica's support
just relax I know it's hard but think of how good you'll feel
when you get it in
I got it in eventually and felt sore the whole day
it wasn't in right how do I put it in right
why do I need to wear a piece of cotton
baton
in my vagina why do I need to trap the blood like a clot
with a cork with a plug staying neat retaining fluid keeping my
bloody smell to myself
It's not Monica's fault.
she has been a friend
passing on valuable information enduring my frustration
and for years after that
on the floor at the door I remembered
I remember still feel sore no more no more plugging
no more clotting here it is smell the rotting
honest blood

Ian Stephens

SAY IT SAY IT

I could drown in the beauty of his lips

drown not far not far

from here
where the cars tumble
where all the clips, tv colours
die

sweet reason sweet reason
the oil that preserves
the gloved hand that strangles my cock between
falling walls
a truly comprehensive treatment
between low arches and funhouse boys

I could drown here under his tongue between ecstasy
and his laughter between his shivering crack and the departure under his
memory and the funeral and somebody else who suks me badly and whose fat
dirty meat carries ungainly desperation like a nerd looking for a musical
chair, desperately pink with his grip pulling it, pulling it horribly until the
cream is finally squeezed out, the poor thin boy closes his eyes in exhaustion
and I want to kill him as his meat shrinks back into the teenage bush and I
continue to fuk his face until he can't, until he surrenders, bends over and
takes it and I only fuk him because he doesn't care, doesn't know that I won't
ever release him, not until he is hard again, screaming for justice, screaming
for nothing but my cok, shoved as deep as a rifle up his neverland ass...

And when he screams for nothing else I will tear it through him
and depart, pulling it out like a bayonet and he will suffer
through my absence even as I ride another and another and they
shall all scream while I fuk the line between twilight and
glory

all the boys go fish

DEAD HORSE

So he gives them Dead Horse
alone at the microphone

the prince of sceptics
in his ripped jeans and red underwear

slumps into the chair
he's on the air

but he feels sick
of the
music he plays
sick of the chemo
and the bodies that betray

he thinks of the
faltering sky

"It's not mine anymore"

he drinks a glass of water
by the dirty stacks of
old demos, microphones and dead machines

the Dead Horse guitars
destroy the sleeping
soldiers, the undead

fingers pointing nowhere
the time left in your head

left unsaid an anonymous voice
calls with the verdict

the grief we carry
each to his own end

bitter
with the sweet

PREPARING

When the fire got to my throat
I swallowed

the flesh does what it wants
the veins broiled
lungs baked
brain spoilt
while the heart hunts for dogs
scratches into love

the flesh will does what it wants
and forever

the asylum reeks of disease

the young sceptic
stares and waits for the bread
with all the others
his levels falling like everything else
his kidneys hurt slowly at odd hours

Where are the words that could save
each tear a year
throbbing with anger

Would I rather be discovered
frozen pale and stiff in the woods

or stumbling blind through agony
tubes and deathbed extravaganzas;

the hell of hospices?

At this time I leave the door open
the cold untouched

I have lost control

this bus is accelerating faster than planned

come crash come crash come crash with me

Ian
Stephens

Lynn Suderman

RE-VAMPED

Whenever I listen to feminist philosophy I feel like I need a good fuck.
And when I get laid, I want a girl.
Cause no matter how hard you try
(and you're damned hard sometimes)
I want that thing you can't give me
even if you got one thing you can.

So I go to a girl
and I get that philosophy
and I'm back in the swing
and back to your corner
and you think the answer
is under the blankets
and she says the truth
is inside a book
and I got that want it all pang
both the yin and the yang
want them modern day politics
and a load of hard, hot, wet sex.

No matter what
The whole mess
is useless
unless
I get some
Cause then, at least,
There's a climax in my life.

an excerpt

Give it here, linear minds. Triangulation only works in a three-dimensional universe. That's right. The world is flat. Flat up against a brick wall. Standing in a back alley, rubbing her valley, her skirt hiked high. Eating penis pink grapefruit. That's right. Toxic terra firma.

Listen close now. She was a virgin. Oh yes. She had never been kissed, never been groped, never been pried upside. Never swam the latex vortex, counting calories in a marathon of post-vertical mathematics. Never been shown that a bottom can do more than sit on a toilet or on a bicycle seat. It brings tears to my ears just thinking of the tragedy. Oh yes. To waste such lovely plump thighs on a bicycle

never been
pried
upside

Are you ready? She's coming at you. Right now. She upgraded to a mondo sedan with cruise control and auto lock rapemobile doors. Out of the gate at a million clicks an hour. Her back seat piled high with donuts and dildos. Everything a girl could want. Right now. She said when I grow up I'm going to be president of a numbered corporation.

Martin-Pierre Tremblay

KÉROSÈNE

Tu vends des cigarettes. Au noir. Sur la rue. Tu vois longtemps le jour décliner, se déchirer entre les voitures. Trop de mouvement. Autrefois, tu prenais l'autobus pour aller à l'école. La même chanson revenait toujours dans laquelle un homme tue un ours à mains nues. Il y avait aussi Mara. Ce n'était pas tant l'odeur de sa peau qui t'excitait mais plutôt le contenu de ce sac qu'elle gardait près d'elle durant tout le trajet. Tu te souviens d'un ange bleu, de tout ce qu'il disait. C'était il y a très longtemps. Depuis, tu as croisé le chauffeur à quelques reprises. Il est maintenant chauve.

CANCAN

Je parle d'eau, de solitude,
De lampes déplacées par le vent
Et de chemins épars
Menant tous à ce chantier de construction
Où nous avons pleuré
Les derniers jours de l'automne
Dans un camion jaune et rouge
Au klaxon défectueux.
Enface, il y avait
Une montagne de minerais,
De petits soleils durs
Et beaucoup de choses
Qui ne bougeaient pas.
Tu as démarré,
Hurlé un bon coup,
Embouti au passage deux lampadaires
Et détruit le poste de contrôle
Avant de t'arrêter
Et de me dire
Que tu devais rentrer.

FAUVE

Tu es debout
Devant le miroir,
Morte de peur.
Tu prends le revolver
Sur la table.
La lumière de la salle de bains
Est éteinte.
Tu te mets à trembler.
Tu trembles,
Ne veux plus revenir ici.
Demain, ce sera l'automne.
La mer monte déjà;
La mer indigène
Rage au centre de l'ombre.
Immédiatement,
Tu penses à ton homme.
Tu voudrais pouvoir te coucher aussi
Dans un jardin de pierres.
Tu voudrais le voir déchirer cette étoile
Qui brûle sur ton sexe noir.

RÊVE 15

Je ne suis pas inquiet,
Je suis au bout de la terre.
Ce soir, tu coules sur mon ventre,
Creuses de grands trous
Dans ma vie.
C'est un cirque,
Celui de la peau lointaine
Et des appareils qui hurlent
Sur la colline
Où nous allions rêver
Du vent dans l'autre monde
Et - cela est vrai -
D'un vieil arbre pâle.

music soothes
Beauty & the
music is beau
Beaut
Roberto Rossellini

" i would like to read this
many times" --

Music is
the Master

Poetry in art is poetry.
Music in art is not music. - AD

AD
REIN HARDT

between many men and women
is a lack of understanding

men feel (THINK) war is sexy
women feel men are
waging holy wars
AGAINST them.

jesus shoulda been
intelligent

(taken sociology
or studied people

and not
god

(moses was no better and
mohammed was no saint)

and

starve

I can write it

can say it &
buy a Mercedes

if madona

(american)

1/2 is JUST ANOTHER
MALE THING

• useless? No!!!!!!

he savage beast
ast
ful

Soothed the savage

opium to
Groucho

meaning is arbitrary
but stupidity can be
UNIVERSAL-

Heard

if you know what i mean
whatever...
on Axle Bush on:
rape brings millions- Ronald Reagan

if i can rape it i can sell it
i can rape it i can sell it if i can rape it i can sell it if i
cantapeit i can sell it if i can rape it i can sell it if i
if on it i can sell it if i can rape it i can sell it if i
might i can sell it if i can rape it i can sell it if i
might i can sell it if i can rape it i can sell it if i
rape brings millions- Ronald Reagan

sooth
to
need it

Music Plus is Quebec's way of Bein
being american should seem foreign
I sell me america

C'est qui ça?

48

FORTNER ANDERSON

Short-order cook, union militant, publisher of his 'zine "Brazen Oralities," host of CKUT's Grey Matter and Dromostexte, carpenter (framing and finishing), family man.

CYBÈLE CARETTE

Cybèle ist ein kunstler, a poet, une écrivaine tri-lingue. Ela mora em Montreal.

ANDREA CLARK

Has been living in Montreal one and a half years and has performed at local venues with Ammanda Strawn and Julie Tamiko-Manning, who also co-wrote "Squid Alert." She appeared in the musical *Stella Sofa*, written and directed by Marc Boucher. Occasionally she does guest vocals for the Snitches, and she opened for Shades of Culture at a recent benefit for battered women. Currently she is working on her own material which includes various styles of music and rap.

MYRIAM CLICHE

Née à Sherbrooke, Québec, en 1961, ses recueils sont: *Ti-Josef Bouc* (1987, à compte d'auteur), *La voix de l'autre berger* (1992, chez L'Oie de Cravan), & *Les jours tendres* (1993, à compte d'auteur.) Depuis 1993, elle joue à la guitare électrique & elle chante dans Poudevra (prépunk poétique) avec Caroline Hamel (guitare électrique & voix) et Evelyne Poisson (basse).

DEE

Deanne Smith (A.K.A. Dee) has been performing around Montréal since 1989. In addition to performing poetic/theatrical pieces at the Loyola campus concert hall, the Montreal Fringe Festival, Maison de la Culture Frontenac & Mercier and local coffe houses, Dee was invited along with her group the Diasporic African Poets to perform at The First International Dub Poetry Festival in Toronto in 1993. She is in tune with her inner voice and allows it to guide her unique and groovy way of doing things.

SCOTT DUNCAN

Lived in a variety of places across Canada. Came to Montreal 6 years ago. Would like to say I'm influenced by Yeats and Thomas however my real influences come from my performance group the Fluffy Pagan Echoes and an undeniable desire to please the audience.

GOLDA FRIED

Been in Mtl long enough to know I love this city (still workin' on the French.)
Been around poetry long enough to know that it can be intense. Watched enough movies to appreciate personality. Read enough poetry to know Dylan, Ferlinghetti, Bukowski and Alyssa Burrows make me smile. P.S. There is poetry for rock n' rollers. I know I'm tryin'.

COREY FROST

Born in Summerside, P.E.I., Corey Frost (drawn to things that terrify him) nows lives and writes in Montreal. He has published several chapbooks including two anthologies: *for example* and *Hence*, and is a co-editor of *ga* press. In the future he will get lost and use the word "reify" in a sentence.

JONATHAN GOLDSTEIN

After being rejected from rabbinical college, Jonathan Goldstein continued his search for the spiritual in Mid-nite Subway Marathon rides and Burning Buddha peep-show booths. He writes a spontaneous ramble of childhood nostalgia and the elusiveness of human sex and other fleeting urban pleasures.

LE GROUPE DE POESIE MODERNE

Le Groupe de poésie moderne se produit depuis un an déjà parce que. Il revendique une systématique du sonore. Ses procédés: construction laborieuse, inconvenance sémantique, conjugaison dramatisante, renversement prosodique, etc. Par ses interventions, le Groupe de poésie moderne entend faire accéder son public au statut (à l'état (à la condition)) d'auditoire-content. Seront présents sur scène: Bernard Dion, Benoît Paiement, France Rolland, Robert G. Reid, Patrick Lutzy et M.H. Pennou.

MICHEL LEFEBVRE

Montréalais, Michel Lefebvre aime que ses poèmes parlent aux gens avec l'écho de la ville et la fureur de l'art. Il utilise parfois le nom SOUS LE MANTEAU pour diffuser ses poèmes.

MOSES AND OSEI

Moses Abraham and Osei, also known as Manchilde, are the voices of the four-member Ancient Demi-Gods, known for their performances at District Six.

POCKET

Pocket n'aime pas que ses tunes soient traité par des machines à écrire.

RAN (AND JOEY)

Do not refer to themselves as poets or painters but as eggplants and artists (read: artichokes.)

VICTORIA STANTON

Were a body the earth, Victoria would be a geologist, studying its nooks and crannies, crags and faults, dispelling the mysteries of our most common ailments.

IAN STEPHENS

Ian Stephens is a singer/poet — a CD entitled “Wining, Dining, Drilling” was recently issued from EnGuard Records. A collection of writing entitled “Diary of a Trademark” will be published this fall by Muses’ Co. Press.

LYNN SUDERMAN

Lynn Suderman is a writer and editorial coordinator at the Montreal *Mirror*. She is at work on a long piece of prose poetry.

MARTIN-PIERRE TREMBLAY

Martin-Pierre Tremblay est né à Gagnon. À 21 ans, il est le plus jeune récipiendaire des prix *Emile-Nelligan* et *Desjardins* pour son premier recueil, *Le plus petit désert*. Son second recueil, *Une année bissextile*, est paru en Janvier 1994, aux Editions Les Herbes Rouges.

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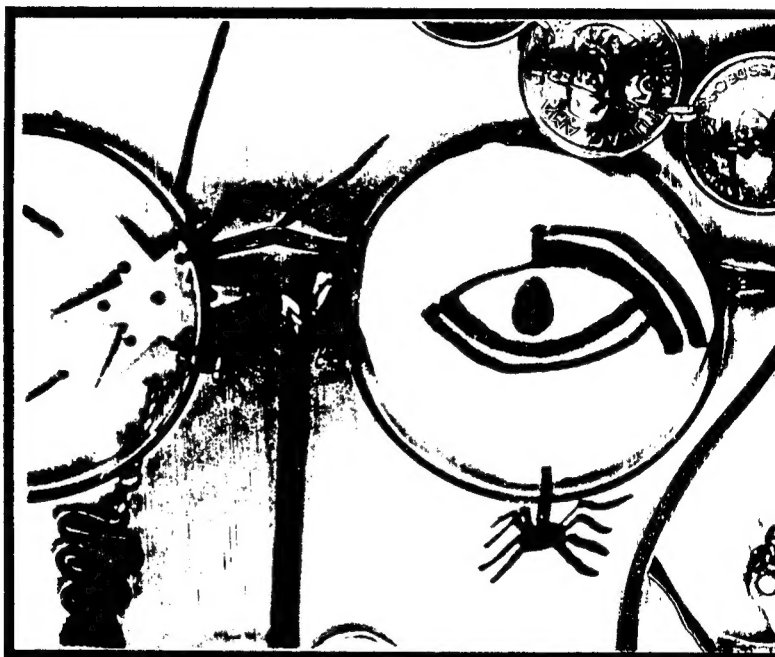
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